

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVIII—No. 24.

LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1881.

Price Two Cents.

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JOHN WANAMAKER'S.

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NEW FALL GOODS

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Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market Streets and City Hall Square,

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800 pairs of ladies' hose at 50 cents; plain colors; 1,000 pairs sample half-hose, 25 and 37 cents; bought just now in Nottingham. They are worth twice the price; some of them more.

We ordered lately 100 dozen of ladies' plain black silk hose, all of one quality and just alike. The manufacturer said it was the largest order he had ever received from a retailer. We buy in quantities only staple articles. We shall have, may be, before the season is over, 1,000 sorts of hose; of some of them only a single pair. Outer circle, east from Chestnut street entrance.

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We are willing that these should be taken as samples of our summer buying of linens; Barnsley double damask table linen at \$1.50, Scotch ditto at \$2, and German napkins, a half inch under 1/2 yd. square, \$2.25 a dozen. There are about 6 patterns of each.

We have a wide range in linens very fully covered. Outer and next outer circles, City Hall square entrance.

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Let a \$5 wool blanket speak for our bedding.

Manufacturers are responsible for a good deal of the common cheating in blankets. Cotton gets into almost all the low-priced blankets, without getting into the tickets. They are sold for all wool by the makers, and few merchants know the fact. A little cotton can be hidden in a woolen blanket, and a good profit hidden with it. If you find a fibre of cotton in our \$5 woolen blanket come and tell us. Southwest corner of building.

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A TRUE TONIC. SURE APPETISER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, INTERMITTENT FEVERS, WANT OF APETITE, LOSS OF STRENGTH, LACK OF ENERGY, &c.

It enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. It acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as *Tearing the Stomach, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, &c.* The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the A. B. C. Book, 22 pp. of useful and amusing reading—*and free.*

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No. 11, 13 & 15 EAST ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 29, 1881.

A REMARKABLE HYMN.

WRITTEN IN LANCASTER.

Its Curious and Disputed History.

In the series of articles on hymns and their authors, in the *New York Independent*, Rev. Dr. W. A. Muhlenberg's most famous composition receives notice from Prof. Frederick M. Bird, who says of the author of "I Would Not Live Always": "He edited a selection of 'Church Poetry' 1823, containing no originals. His own hymns are to be found in the *Prayer Book* collection, 1826, and in a small volume printed 1829, second edition 1900. Perhaps the earliest of them and certainly the most famous is 'I would not live always'; and thereby hangs a tale, or several tales, which I should not be justified in suppressing or abridging here. Probably no hymn, except 'I love to steal awhile away,' has had a more romantic origin, and none at all a more complicated history. The authorship has been vehemently disputed again and again and the date of first appearance mis-stated. The text has been garbled, revised and rewritten. The author voted against its admission to the collection through which it became famous, and was never satisfied with it as it stood there and in other hymnals. These confused facts I will try to handle in order and as accurately as may be.

The story of how the hymn came to be written has been whispered about South-eastern Pennsylvania for half a century and more. Dr. Muhlenberg himself had, naturally, nothing to say about the matter, and his New York friends of later years (as Dr. Schaff and the late Dr. Washburn) were disposed to pool-pool it as an idle invention. We do not know in what life he cannot say, not having the book at hand; but I give the tale in its boldest form, as vouched for by one of Muhlenberg's early associates, himself connected with the family in question. "Dr. M. was engaged to be married to Miss Ward, but her father would not give his consent; and it was under this feeling of grief and disappointment that he penned the hymn. She laid the matter to rest, went into a decline, and died." The family was "rich and respectable," of course. James Buchanan, then a young and rising lawyer, was engaged to an older sister; a trivial quarrel (of which the particulars are known) parted them, and the end of this affair was yet more tragic than that of the other. Both lovers afterward rose to eminence, but neither ever married. Not many men have such good reasons for remaining bachelors. These facts would appear well authenticated, but for Dr. M.'s published statement, in 1871: "The legend that it was written on an occasion of private grief is a fancy.

According to Muhlenberg, the hymn was written and first appeared in the *Episcopal Recorder*, in 1824. That the latter half of this statement is a curious mistake is proved by the person who took it to the printer. Dr. John B. Clemson, of Claymont, Del., wrote this, two years ago: "The hymn I received from Dr. M. in manuscript, and delivered it myself to Mr. Staveley, the then publisher. I was then in the first year of my ministry and was settled at Harrisburg. In passing through Lancaster, on my way to Philadelphia, to see my mother and family, I paid my respects to the Doctor, and as I was leaving him, he put the hymn into my hands and asked me if I would not carry it to the *Recorder*. It was published first in 1826, June 24, No. 70. I have the volume bound and in my possession. The Doctor's memory must have failed him in naming 1824. I was then (1824) only a candidate for orders and living in Philadelphia.

This does not prove that the hymn was not written in 1824; but it certainly was not printed till 1826, unless we can suppose that he or somebody else sent it to another sheet at an earlier date, of which there is no evidence. Dr. Clemson goes on: "I always felt that there was a Providence in my preserving that particular volume of the *Philadelphia Recorder*. I was thereby enabled to fortify my memory and to bear a righteous testimony against the false assumption and claim of that petty Connecticut editor. The world was beginning to think he was right and that Dr. M. good man as he was, was falsifying. My published testimony put the whole thing at rest.

Not so thoroughly, perhaps, as it ought to have done. One still hears, now and then, that Henry Ward, a Litchfield printer, wrote the hymn in 1822 and put it in the hands of his rector, Rev. Isaac Jones; also that he gave it to Rev. Freeman March, in 1819 or 1820. It can be proved that Ward, or any one else, printed the hymn in 1822, or at any time prior to June 24, 1826, that would be another matter. So far from that, no early MS. of it professing to be Ward's has been more than talked of. A deal of ignorant nonsense has been ventilated on this point—as that Muhlenberg "never claimed the hymn." Of course, he always claimed it and was much annoyed at this counter-pretension. Any one who has written popular verses is liable to vexations of this sort. Conflict of testimony to the effect of the weight of character. Now Dr. M.'s character was of the highest, and Ward's very far from that. The latter's "claim," which must be set aside as worthless, has been pushed by ill-judging friends, especially in Ohio, to a very high position of prominence. It is a pity that the *Printer's Directory*, Cincinnati, 1875, is only literary pettifoggers who take up cases of this kind.

Every one who is interested in these matters knows that the hymn, as we usually have it, is a condensed abridgement of the original poem, which had eight line stanzas. I have not seen the *Recorder* text, but suppose it began thus: "I would not live always. No, no, holy man, Not a day, not an hour should lengthen my span. So, at least, it reads as 'copied from the original' in a letter from Pottstown, Pa., February 23rd, 1876, to the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. According to this, it was "an impromptu written by Lizzie Catherine's album. He had no copy, and, wanting it on some occasion, he sent for the album. I am copying it from the original MS." Perhaps it was so written in 1824, and left there till the author be thought him to look it up and take a copy for the *Recorder*. That album is worth its weight in silver, at the least, and ought to be on the shelves of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

As to the admission of the hymn into the *Prayer Book* collection (1826), I follow the uncontradicted and probably authentic legend and the printed statements of Dr. M. himself, in 1871. Its authorship being then unknown and unsuspected, it was cut from the *Recorder* and brought before the committee, perhaps by Dr. (afterward bishop) Onderdonk, who was not present when they "sat upon" it. Its tone was objected to, Muhlenberg himself spoke and

voted against it and it was rejected. As soon as Onderdonk heard this, he obtained a reversal of judgment. The hymn was got into its familiar form by him, with some aid from the detected author; but but Dr. M. seems strangely wrong in saying that this happened "in 1829." The 213 hymns were approved and published in 1827 and so used till 1871.

I have not attempted to keep track of the interesting variety of legends. The author was always dissatisfied with the original and disposed to mend it. "No, no, holy man," was probably eliminated early. As "Revised, 1829," in his book of that date, it begins: "I would not live always—live always below. Oh, no, holy man, I'll not linger when hidden to thee. This did not suit him, and in 1871 he published 'I would not live always,' Evangelized by its author." With the story of the hymn and brief account of St. Johnland ("New York: T. Whitaker & Co. 1871, 10c.") This is not so much a recension as a new lyric in twenty-eight lines, not one of them being unaltered. However superior in orthodox sentiment to its predecessor, it reads like a parody of that by an unskilled hand and has met no more favor than it deserved. Despite the author's unwearying efforts to improve it, the "I would not live always" which is known and loved remains that which Dr. Onderdonk extracted from the original of 1826. "The story of the hymn is to some extent discussed by two serious blunders (already noted) in dates. Since his memory was so weak on these points, might he not have forgotten of what outward occasion and inward feelings this poem itself was born? Yet these mistakes, which might have seemed to injure the defendant's case, it brought to light. Ward was in court as plaintiff, cannot now be allowed as lending weight to an appeal against the sentence. When Dr. Muhlenberg was asked to give assurances of his authorship, he declined with much dignity.

"If they caught I was capable of letting the work of another pass for so many years as my own, they would not be sure of anything I might say."

Moreover, Ward's title to poetic fame rests on nothing but dubious talk; whereas Dr. M. had other lyrics of merit and usefulness to show. Four more hymns of his appeared in the *Prayer Book* collection and three of them are now generally or widely accepted. To be sure, it is open to anybody to assert that he, or some friend, had written these in 1820 and entrusted them in MS. to a neighboring clergyman, from whom Muhlenberg feloniously "conveyed" them; but, as this, that has not been attempted, we may venture to call them his.

"The glad tidings, excitingly sing— 'The Christmas song was written at the particular request of Bishop Hobart, who wanted something that would go to the tune by anything, then popular, to Moore's words, 'Sound the loud timbrel.' In two prominent Baptist books it begins, without the refrain. 'The marvelous story he telling, 'Savior who thy flock are feeding.' Probably the best and most successful of baptismal hymns. 'Like Noah's weary dove,' This celebrates the church, in either or all senses of the word. The poet of it remains when you have dropped the first and last stanzas. The author, in 1825, advised compilers to omit the last, which is about 'waves of ire' and 'sea of fire,' and three leading books begin with it."

One only of these pieces of 1826 has died the death appointed to dull and profitless verse. It consists of four moralizing and exhorting stanzas on the "Death of a Young Person": "How short the race our friend has run, 'Tis sad to witness when we see it done. This was, no doubt, considered very fine half a century ago; but, like most so-called funeral hymns, it is adapted to be sung to nothing more modern than 'China.' In 1829 he gathered his verses not included in the prayer-book collection. The best of them is: "Since on thy footstool here below, 'Such radiant gems are strown." This is a fine poem, rather than a usable hymn, and is the best of its kind of the same date (1824) with "I would not live always," and like it, first appeared in the *Episcopal Recorder*, in 1826, possibly. It was probably thought too ornate for acceptance then, but has since made its way into the *Prayer Book*, and is now in the son's collections. Next (perhaps as early as 1825) comes a slighter and more juvenile, but very pretty "Vesper Hymn": "The mellow eve is gliding serenely down the west."

"The throne of His glory—as snow it is white, A hymn for Advent, 1829, admitted by Reformed 'Hymns of the Church,' 1869: "King of kings, and with Thon deign, 'O'er this wayward reign to reign." In several leading books, date not given. It is either early, or much the best of his later pieces, which in general are very inferior to those written in his youth.

It Beats Life Insurance. A Plan that Promises to Eclipse the Graveyard Business. Hamburg (Pa.) Correspondence N. Y. Sun.

The following marriage notice appeared in one of the neighboring weekly newspapers to-day: "On Sept. 11, by Rev. E. R. Leinbach, Mr. Enos L. Boyer, of Maiden Creek, to Miss Lizzie Catherine Holman, of Lebanon. Mr. Boyer is an honest young or miner of good character. His bride is a farmer's daughter, educated in the kitchen and graduated a first-class, intelligent house-keeper. He is thirty, and she just twenty. Their parents are only in very moderate circumstances. Six months ago the young people were quite poor. They had intended to board with a poor family after their marriage. Instead, however, of doing this, they were enabled to go to housekeeping in first class style, and as by a novel streak of luck. No secret is made of the fact that they were first insured by speculators for about \$75,000 in a dozen or more marriage insurance companies. Mr. Boyer, the groom, was asked if he had any objection to giving his experience in this entirely new method of starting in life, and he promptly replied, with a smile: "Of course not. I am willing to let everybody know all about it, so that other young people may enjoy good luck along the same road." Lizzie and myself were engaged to be married. The wedding day was fixed, but suddenly the mines stopped work, and I was thrown out of a job. Lizzie was living home with her parents, and after I had told her of my bad luck we concluded not to get married, because we had no money to commence housekeeping, and I had very poor prospects ahead. One day George Merritt, a neighbor of mine, called to see me. He taught school at Dry Rock during the winter season. He had heard that I was going to be married soon, and I told him of my bad luck. He told me not to let that worry me, and said that if I would let him take out a marriage insurance policy on me and then marry, he would buy me an eighty-dollar walnut bedroom set of furniture, with a marble top washstand, bureau and table. He said he was the agent of one of the new companies, and that he

would take out a policy for \$5,000 and have it transferred to himself. I said I was willing that he should if Lizzie was my friend. He then told me that he had a few friends who would use me well if they might have the same privilege of insuring me in other companies, and I said it was all right, and that they should come along. The very next evening another agent came and offered to buy me a flower carpet for a front room, a flowered carpet for a sitting room, and a rag carpet for the kitchen. I was delighted with the business, and I told him he might take out the policy. In the mean time I had seen Lizzie, and she seemed first to dislike the idea, but finally she consented to it. Along came another agent and he agreed to furnish two bed rooms for the privilege of insuring us. I accepted this offer, and looked for the next agent. To make a long story short, fifteen agents agreed to take policies for \$5,000, and thus I became insured for \$75,000 in about a dozen companies. Every agent made a present of some kind, and when all the details were ready to be carried out, I rented this modest two-story house here, and Lizzie and her father moved into a front room, and I moved to bottom. I met the agents over at my uncle's tavern in a back room. I signed the applications and the assignments one after another until the large, old fashioned table was covered with printed matter, blank forms, &c. Each agent either gave me an order on a store or gave the cash money as soon as I had signed his papers. Afterward I learned that the orders were on stores owned by the officers of the insurance companies. Well, with this money and the orders in hand we got married in the afternoon of our house as on see it here. I invite you to examine it from top to bottom. Everything is new, so you see how the marriage insurance business works for us. Yes, those vases and the pictures and that parlor organ were also bought for us the same way. The agents explained to me that one year after our marriage each one of those \$5,000 policies would be worth about \$1,740 each. That is why they were so anxious to furnish my house.

Two other agents, wanted us to have a bridesmaid at our wedding. They went to my wife's sister Helen, and asked her if she would accept a handsome silk dress to wear at the wedding as a bridesmaid. She got mad and told them they were in a shameful business, and that she could not buy her own dress for so much money. She told them to clear out. They next went to the bride and asked her to name another bridesmaid, but Lizzie said that the thing had gone on long enough, and that the insurance business must stop right there. That is the reason why we had no bridesmaid. I have heard that at a number of weddings the bride and the bridesmaids were fitted out with money given by the insurance agents for the privilege of taking out policies. You see that as soon as a party becomes insured he can marry, but his policy won't be payable until a year elapses. I have figured out the profits, say on a policy of \$5,000. The agent makes a present to the man who is to marry, say of \$50; the policy will cost him \$45, and the transfer, or assignment, \$1; total \$96. His man then marries, and in a year's time the company promises to pay cash from \$350 to \$400 per thousand, say \$1,750 for a \$5,000 policy. The company raises this money by assessing other members of the class not married. If the companies keep their word the agents will make handsome profits on their investment; if they don't keep their word it won't hurt us. The business must pay, and agents must have confidence in the companies, because they make daily calls on all ministers and dressmakers to find out who is going to be married. Of course, the agents don't keep all the policies they get hold of. They sell them at a high advance and invest the profits in other policies. I know these things because I have gone through the hands of fifteen of them. Nearly every couple that is married nowadays is insured. The business has spread into nearly every circle of society, from the highest to the lowest. The poorest young people now can afford to have the grandest weddings. I know of a wedding that is to come off just before Christmas that will open the eyes of the people. The bride and groom are insured for over \$500,000, and as they are very poor they don't have a single policy. I believe they got about \$1,200 cash in advance from the policy holders, who are mostly rich farmers and agents. The young couple are going to have a very grand wedding in church, the grandest that ever took place in the church, and a city minister will perform the ceremony. The bride is a cigar factory girl and the husband works for a huckster. Both of them are old characters, and they say they are going to give the people something to talk about in the church, and a city minister will perform the ceremony. The wedding was to have been this way, but we concluded to have our house furnished, as that was the most sensible thing. The couple that I am talking about desire to create a sensation, and I suppose they will succeed. The bride's dress is to be a long-tailed affair, and twelve of her lady friends are going to get new white dresses, to cost \$10 each, all to be bought by the bride. They are getting their carpet laid from the church door across the sidewalk to the street, and there will be no eak to flowers, laurel, cedar, pine, cokes and wine. This sort of wedding promises to be very common in a few years. The graveyard business is in a very playing out, and this new marriage business is coming up as the latest sensation."

The gentlemen who essayed to serenade Miss L., a few evenings since, should have had their throats and their efforts would have been better appreciated. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, Dr. Bull's Lung Tonic, Dr. Bull's Bronchial Tubes, giving instant relief.

It is Worth a Trial. "I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint. Dr. Bull's Kidney and Bladder Tonic was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old worn out man all the while. I could not get any sleep, until I got Bull's Kidney and Bladder Tonic. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as well as a man 29. I bought it 75c, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial.—(F. B. B.)" 255-256 & W.

A Short Road to Health. To all who are suffering from boils, ulcers, scrofula, carbuncles, or other obstinate diseases of the blood and skin, a course of Bull's Blood Purifier will be found to be a short road to health. Price \$1. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

The Right Sort of General. Jacob Smith, Clinton street, Buffalo, says he has used Spring Bitters in his family as a general medicine for cases of indigestion, biliousness, bowel and kidney complaints, and disorders of the system in general. He speaks highly of its efficacy. Price 50 cents. For sale at H. B. Cochran's drug store, 137 North Queen street, Lancaster.

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are now coming in. The line embraces every grade, from the lowest to the finest goods made. Plain Color and Embossed Gilt for Parlors, Halls, Dining Rooms, Chambers, &c. Common and Low-Priced Papers of every description.

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Scott's Holland in cardinal, brown, buff, white, ecru and green. American Hollands in Tin and Wood Spring Rollers, Cord Fixtures, Roller Ends, Brackets, Picture Wire and Cord, Fringes, Loupes, Nails, Curtain Fins, Tassels, Hooks, &c.

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